

Smile for the Camera by Luddleston

Category: Voltron: Legendary Defender

Genre: Anal Sex, Bottom Shiro, Established Relationship, M/M, Masturbation, Oral Sex, Sex Tapes, Voyeurism, eventual poly relationship

Language: English

Characters: Adam (Voltron), Matt Holt, Shiro (Voltron)

Relationships: Adam/Shiro (Voltron), Future Matt/Adam/Shiro

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-10-16

Updated: 2018-10-16

Packaged: 2022-12-19 11:09:49

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,680

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Matt's not sure what to expect when he opens a random video file on Adam's laptop, but he sure as hell isn't expecting a sex tape.

Smile for the Camera

Author's Note:

This was... really something to write, man.

Matt wasn't expecting to find anything interesting when he borrowed Adam's computer to troubleshoot his second monitor. He only ended up nosing around in Adam's documents to distract himself from his frustration when nothing worked and his second monitor remained unresponsive. The contents of Adam's laptop were largely boring—school assignments, tax documents you had to keep, photos from Adam and Shiro's vacation last Spring Break.

And then, Matt discovered a video file named with a seemingly random string of letters and numbers. It seemed like a mistake, sitting there on his desktop like Adam didn't even know it was saved there. Matt was expecting it to be a test of Adam's video software, or maybe something he'd saved from the internet, although Adam didn't seem to be the type to download videos, unlike Matt, who had an entire folder of vines he'd saved.

The point is: Matt wasn't expecting a sex tape.

In his defense, he couldn't figure out what it was when he first started playing it, or he definitely, absolutely would have turned it off. Sure. He would have.

The video started with a side shot of a bed, like there was a camera placed on the nightstand. It took Matt a while to realize it was Adam and Shiro's room, because for once, the bed was neatly made, and their striped comforter wasn't laid over the sheets. But Matt recognized Shiro's jacket hanging on the hook on the wall, and the framed poster that was covering the crack in the wall near the window.

Plus, it wasn't long before Shiro sat down on the bed, and sure, the frame of the camera cut off everything above his shoulders, but Matt was very well-acquainted with Shiro's forearms, having spent approximately way too

much time staring at them. Matt heard a soft laugh and cranked up the volume, but he still couldn't hear the reply, Adam's voice too deep and too quiet to be caught by the mic.

A part of Matt's brain realized what he was watching when Adam straddled Shiro's lap and the soft sounds of them kissing filtered through his headphones, but the traitorous whole of it told him to ignore reality and keep watching. He still couldn't see their faces, but he could see Shiro's broad hands on Adam's hips, pulling him closer, and he could see Adam's legs wrapping around Shiro's thighs. The two of them looked comfortable, the motions practiced, and when Shiro readjusted himself to pull both of them fully onto the bed, Matt pressed a hand over his mouth.

Matt knew he shouldn't have been watching this. Matt was supposed to use the laptop for five minutes and return it to Adam's room, not poke around in Adam's personal—*very* personal—business. But on the screen in front of him, Shiro leaned back, so that his head was on the pillow and their faces were in frame, lips sealed together, and Matt maximized the window, squirming in his desk chair.

He'd seen Shiro and Adam kiss before, had even seen them make out extensively, because of the time they went to that bar for Shiro's twenty-first birthday, and everyone learned that Shiro was kind of handsy when he was drunk. Matt had categorized their PDA: the grand majority of the time, it was just annoying, making Matt grumble at them until they stopped kissing for like a second. But there were times, usually when he was a certain level of tipsy or when they didn't know he was watching, where his heart started to race and his mouth went dry and he had to physically pull himself to a stop so he didn't stare or stumble forward. He always forced himself to stop watching, because wow, that was creepy, staring at your best friend while he kissed his boyfriend, but this time, as he watched them move together on screen, there was no way they could catch him looking.

Finding Shiro hot wasn't a new thing. Hell, watching Shiro wipe his sweaty face with the bottom hem of his T-shirt after soccer practice in high school was a major contributing factor in Matt realizing, *oh, hey, I think I'm into dudes*. Everyone thought Shiro was attractive. Everyone. Even straight dudes stared at him at the gym when he wore those skin-tight tank tops that

showed every line of his chest and abs in perfect definition. Shiro was hot, Matt was doomed to have a best friend who sometimes showed up in his wet dreams, it was just a thing. He was used to it, as much as you could be.

Finding Adam hot was... different.

Okay, sure, Matt knew the guy was attractive, understood why Shiro was into him, but he'd never looked at Adam and thought *I'd hit that*. But now, he was watching Adam pin Shiro to the bed and kiss the hell out of him, and that was... that was something. Adam had one hand planted on Shiro's jaw, his thumb gently guiding him into kiss after kiss. The shot was wide enough for Matt to see almost to their knees, so he didn't miss the way Adam was rolling his hips against Shiro's, and then he was sitting up and taking his shirt off and okay, if there was ever a time to turn back, shut the window and pretend he never started watching this video, it was now. He'd reached the point of no return. And wow, he never knew Adam's back was so defined.

Matt would convince himself later on that the reason he didn't stop right then was his distraction at having never seen Adam shirtless before. It wasn't like he wanted to watch them have sex. It just sort of happened. He kept watching out of natural curiosity, because who wouldn't be a little curious about what they looked like naked? And then... things just kind of spiraled from there.

Okay, maybe he wanted to watch them have sex.

By the time Matt had determined he was watching this until the end or until the guilt started to physically pain him, Shiro was shirtless on-screen as well. Matt thought about pausing it to ogle, but watching Shiro in motion, his chest heaving with his heavy breathing, was even better than a still image of his sculpted pecs and perfect abs.

Adam seemed to agree with Matt's estimation of Shiro's chest (better tits than a lingerie model), because he had a palm on either side of Shiro's chest, his mouth traveling down the center, and Matt despaired a little because the camera angle didn't actually show whether Shiro actually had cleavage with Adam's hands pushing his pecs together like that.

Shit, though, Shiro was totally into it. He had his head tipped back, eyes shut, mouth open, and his hand on the back of Adam's neck ruffled up his hair as Shiro curled his fingers into it. Matt was so busy watching Adam mouth at Shiro's chest, it took him a minute to notice Shiro's other hand was between his legs.

Matt sucked in a breath, the idea that he was going to see them completely naked hammering itself into his head. He was at once horrified and so, so eager. He shifted again in his seat, spreading his legs to make his positioning more comfortable, because yeah, he was hard as hell already. If he'd glanced down it probably would've been real obvious in his sweats, but Matt didn't give a fuck about his *own* boner when he was about to see Shiro's, because Adam's hands had joined Shiro's and they were unbuttoning his jeans.

"Hey," Adam said to Shiro, "pick up the camera."

Shiro did, and the tilting of it in his hand made Matt dizzy for a moment until Shiro held it still. It must've been somewhere in the vicinity of his chin, because the first thing in view was Shiro's broad chest, framing the bottom of the screen. Matt wound the cord for his headphones around his forefinger, biting his lip as he stared because oh god, Adam was between Shiro's legs now, grinning up at him and winking, which got a low chuckle out of Shiro in response. Shiro knew what was coming, and Matt was starting to think he did, too.

Adam peeled Shiro's jeans down—no underwear. Matt let out another involuntary whine, his hand dropping to his own lap, because he couldn't help but wonder if that was the norm for Shiro. Probably not, he'd most likely foregone boxers for the sake of the video, but Matt was sure as hell gonna be thinking about it the next time he saw Shiro in jeans.

And that was about when Matt had to pause the video for a second, because he nearly lost his damn mind. He dropped his forehead onto the desk in front of him, trying to control his breathing because *nobody warned him Shiro had such a giant dick*. Matt wouldn't call himself a size queen, not really, but he was definitely prone to the societal perception of big dick equals sexy, and Shiro's was like eight inches long at the very least.

Sure, maybe this was a little more than Matt's usual reaction to a nice dick. He'd seen enough porn that he probably should've been desensitized, but the fact that it was *Shiro's* cock was driving him crazy. He thought he'd come in his pants if he so much as touched himself, and they weren't even *doing* anything yet.

Fuck, he had to watch them do something.

As soon as Matt hit play, he watched Adam's fingers wrap around Shiro's cock and give him a long stroke, base-to-tip, slow, like he was showing off for the camera. Shiro was close enough to the mic that Matt could hear him breathing, soft panting that hitched when Adam leaned in and licked the tip.

Shiro clearly liked it, because he moaned, a soft *oh*, that was higher in pitch than Matt would've thought it would be. Not that he'd been thinking about what Shiro's sex noises sounded like.

The camera shook a little as Adam took Shiro into his mouth, sinking down about halfway before pulling off, his tongue rolling over the head of Shiro's cock more easily now that it was slick with spit. There was another noise from Shiro, a quiet, "*god, yes,*" and then the camera shifted as Shiro took one hand off of it to take the frame of Adam's glasses and ease them gently off his face.

Matt had never seen Adam without his glasses before. He looked different, somehow, almost like he was missing something. His eyes were prettier without them, though. Must've been the same effect that had people telling Matt he should start wearing contact lenses once they saw him without his glasses on.

Shiro didn't put his hand back on the camera, just steadied it with his left so he could reach out and sink his fingers into Adam's hair. Adam's eyes fell shut and there was something content about his expression, like he'd have a blissful smile on his face if he didn't have half of Shiro's dick in his mouth. Matt could relate—he'd melt like a popsicle in July if someone started petting his hair like that, to say nothing of Shiro's dick.

It was unbelievably hot watching them, listening to them, Shiro's breathy sighs right in Matt's ears thanks to his headphones. Matt barely even noticed as his own hand snuck below the waistband of his sweats. It started off just as adjusting himself in his boxers and then quickly turned into pushing those down and out of the way as well, his hand wrapping around his cock as he watched Adam slowly, slowly sink down, until the angle didn't show much more than his shaggy hair. He must've taken the whole thing. God, that would take a while to get used to. Adam and Shiro must've done this a *lot*, then.

Adam pulled off after bobbing his head a few times, his tongue darting out to lick his lower lip. "You ready?" he asked Shiro, and Matt wondered what for. The response was in the affirmative, but didn't sound like a real word, just a long hum from Shiro as his thumb worked gentle little circles on Adam's temple.

"Gonna put this back," Shiro said, and then the camera was moving again, and Matt couldn't see what Adam was doing, but he was rustling around with something.

"You could keep it there," Adam told him, but as the camera re-settled onto the nightstand, Shiro shook his head.

"Nah. I'd drop it straight on your face." Shiro examined the front of the camera for a second, then looked straight at the lens and winked. Matt's grip tightened on his cock. "Plus, this way you can see both of us—mm." Shiro was cut off by Adam's mouth on his as Adam reached a hand that glimmered with wetness between Shiro's legs. He'd been getting lube, then.

Matt's mind reeled and his cock started leaking pre-come into his boxers because he came to the sudden, startling realization that *Shiro bottomed*.

Oh shit, those times Shiro had been walking funny had *not* been due to quad workouts.

This definitely wasn't a one-time thing they decided to do for the video, not with the way both of them seemed so used to it. Shiro threw his arms over his head, fists wrapping around the bars in their headboard, back arching as

he shoved himself back onto Adam's fingers. Adam had his mouth around Shiro's cock again, but Matt couldn't really see him past Shiro's thigh.

Matt's eyes were glued to the screen, half-wishing they had a better angle so he could see Adam's fingers prying Shiro open, half-glad they didn't because he would've already come if he could see that. The way Shiro gripped the headboard made his biceps stand out in high definition and Matt knew he was never gonna be able to watch Shiro do curls at the gym again.

Matt paused the video for another second, just to shove his pants down, because if he was gonna get caught doing this, he was already gonna die of embarrassment no matter how exposed he was. He didn't even look before thumbing the spacebar and starting it up again, the sounds of Shiro softly moaning and swearing filling his ears again.

He'd never heard Shiro swear before. *Maybe* a "dammit" or something if he got really pissed off, but never anything truly offensive. With Adam's fingers spreading him open, though, it was all a litany of, "fuck, yes, god, that's so good, fuck me," and Matt was partly glad to know Shiro was human just like the rest of them, and couldn't keep his mouth clean with an extremely hot guy working him over.

Adam pulled off, and even with the mic further away, Matt could hear the noise it made. "You want it?" he asked Shiro, teasing, because everything about Shiro's flushed face and uneven breathing and rolling hips said he did. "Tell me you want it, baby," Adam said again, and *shit*, what kind of asshole god decided to give Adam a voice like that? It only sounded deeper after he'd had Shiro's cock shoved down his throat, like someone wanted to put the entire concept of masculinity to sound.

"I want it," Shiro said. Begged? Matt had nothing to compare it to, because he'd never heard the guy beg before, but he thought it'd probably sound like this. "I want your cock. Adam, fuck me."

Matt's eyes crossed for a second. He was pretty sure all his wet dreams from now on were gonna sound like that.

"Good boy," Adam said. Correction: Matt's wet dreams were gonna sound like *that*. It was followed by Shiro whining, and Matt didn't know if it was because of the 'good boy' thing, or because Adam was pushing into him. He wasn't wearing a condom, and Matt laughed to himself, because he'd been the one who dragged them to get tested—mostly because he didn't want to do that alone. Adam and Shiro had been reluctant at the time, but hey, it seemed to be working out for them, if it meant they could go at it raw like that.

Adam seemed to know just the right rhythm to set, which, of course, was because they did this all the time, but it was still sexy to watch him perfectly meet every roll of Shiro's hips, to watch him bend down because he could tell, even if Matt couldn't, when Shiro was silently begging for a kiss.

"*Takashi*," Adam sighed against his lips, and Matt's hand stuttered, a pang of guilt stabbing through him. This was an intensely private thing he was watching. Adam was the only person who got to call Shiro that, Shiro was the only person who got to see Adam like this. This was something meant for just the two of them, and as desperately as Matt wanted to be a part of it, he was just the third party watching.

He might've stopped, if the fact that Adam was pounding Shiro even *harder* now didn't make Matt want to jerk off til he went blind.

Adam sat up on his knees as he did it, hands grasping at Shiro's waist to keep him upright, fucking into him at a pace that was a trial even for Matt to keep up with just touching himself. He didn't think he'd ever realized how strong Adam was, how he could take Shiro's weight like that and make him feel so good. Even when Shiro went completely boneless in Adam's grip, Adam still had him. It only meant he could do the same to Matt twice over, what with Matt being like half Shiro's size.

Matt tried to match his own strokes to Adam's thrusts, but it was gonna push him over the edge too fast, so he slowed, wanting to watch at least one of them come before he did. He didn't think he'd have to wait long. Both of them had gone mostly quiet, too breathless to trade dirty talk anymore. Matt found himself almost glad that they didn't have the world's greatest video

camera, because seeing that all in high-definition would end him. Even in the low lighting of their bedroom, Matt could see the flush spreading down Shiro's neck to his chest, going even deeper when Adam started kissing him there, then nipping at his skin. Matt wondered how long ago they'd made this. Did Shiro still have the marks just below his shirt collar?

Shiro pulled Adam in to kiss him like he was helpless for it, like if Adam didn't kiss him back he would've fallen to pieces. Adam took it in stride, and Matt couldn't see enough of their faces behind Adam's hand on Shiro's jaw, but he was sure Shiro had Adam's tongue in his mouth.

Eventually, Adam leaned back so that he could fuck Shiro harder again, one of his hands curling around Shiro's cock, which was wet enough that Matt could see the shine of pre-come on it even on the recording. Matt pressed his thumb against the head of his own cock, whining into the fist he had shoved over his mouth, unwilling to make an audible sound even if the apartment was empty.

"Adam, Adam, it's so *good*, fuck, I'm—"

Matt's orgasm hit him just as Shiro's did on the recording, and he couldn't help the shaky moan that filtered past his lips despite his best efforts. Shiro was unabashedly noisy, groaning and cursing as Adam fucked him through it.

Adam shuddered and Shiro said "*I love you*," emphatic and needy, as Adam came into him. Matt leaned forward, stopping the recording before the post-coital kissing started, and buried his face in his clean hand, leaning forward onto the desk and trying to slow his breathing.

As he came down from it, there was only one thought running through his head: he shouldn't have done that.

He wiped his hand off on his pants absently and yanked them back up, feeling he deserved it if they stained. The guilt overwhelmed him and he bit his lower lip, entirely unsure of how to move on from here. What, was he supposed to just drop the laptop back off in Adam's room, here, thanks for letting me borrow that, no I didn't watch your sex tape but you should also

maybe move that so it's not just laying around on your fucking desktop. He sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose.

Matt didn't notice anybody else enter the room. He didn't notice anyone cross to stand behind his chair, didn't notice anybody reach out until a forearm brushed the side of his face as a familiar slim hand reached out to shut the laptop. Adam. Matt jolted and turned to face him, his face flooding red, unsure how to explain the screen that had definitely been paused on a still of Adam inside of Shiro or the wet patch on his sweats.

"I. Uh. Oh god, oh god, I'm so sorry, Adam—"

"Having fun?" Adam asked him, adjusting his glasses as he watched Matt flounder. He looked like he was trying hard not to smile. Matt frowned, puzzled.

"What...?" He continued to stare at Adam with nothing else to say.

"Did you like it?"

Matt spun around in the chair so fast he smacked his knee into one of the legs of the desk with a loud crack. "*What?*"

Shiro was standing in the doorframe, arms crossed over his chest, leaning all casual like he'd been there all day. The only thing that betrayed him was his flushed face, his cheeks and nose especially pink.

"How..." Matt's voice came out in a rasp and he paused, swallowed, and kept going, "how long have you guys been there?"

Adam leaned in, until his lips brushed Matt's temple as he whispered, "long enough."

Author's Note:

Visit me on tumblr @luddlestons or on my NSFW tumblr @seldula!